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IESVS  
HOMINVM SALVATOR;

OR,

The Church Delivered:

A SACRED POEM.

BY

WILLIAM ISAAC KEAY.

DUMFRIES:

PRINTED BY DAVID HALLIDAY;

AND SOLD BY

R. GRANT & SON, EDINBURGH; AND THOMAS MURRAY & SON, GLASGOW.

1858.

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# JESUS HOMINUM SALVATOR

OR,

THE CHURCH DELIVERED.

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## PART I.

Hozanna ! King of Kings ! loud swelled the peal ;  
Heaven's willing echoes straight gave back the sound—  
Hozanna ! King of Kings ! The pomp passed on.  
Before, behind, on every side, were strewn  
Immortal leaves and flowers. The fragrant air  
Not long was silent ; the triumphal band,  
As with one voice, a hymn of praise began ;  
And through the vaulted dome of heaven it rolled  
In echo toward the far celestial hills.  
They sang : " Salvation, honour, wisdom, power,  
Glory, and blessing be to Him ascribed,  
Who on the throne, in majesty untold,  
Presides for aye ! and to the visible King,

Whom angels worship, and whom men adore,  
In power and glory equally revered,—  
Who, with the Eternal Spirit, triple reign,—  
*Perpetual Sovereign of the Universe !*"

The angelic host upon the wondrous scene  
Gazed well delighted, and their voices joined  
In that New Anthem to the Great *I Am*.

From Judgement had the King of Saints returned,  
His multitudes of followers with Him brought,  
And led them ransomed to His Father's throne.

The angels, wondering, ceased not to enquire  
What was the nature of that wondrous deed  
So celebrated in the anthem sung ;  
Concerning which their strong desire to know  
Was frequent, long ere now ; but they were taught  
To wait the coming of the Ransomed Ones,  
Who should themselves those mighty acts best sing.  
They, wond'ring, on their heavenly way advanced ;  
And, as they went, a Saint they overtook,  
A chosen Apostle—an adopted son,—  
A man redeemed—the Saviour's belov'd ;  
When driven to exile for the Gospel's sake,



Who preached to Christians in the lands remote  
By writings, and, while these survived, who made  
His voice be heard from lonely Patmos Isle.  
Him they address ; and, eager all, await  
His answer, which, when he them led aside  
Into an harbour, a sequestered grove,  
To them, in accents solemn, thus he gave :—  
“After that orb the world by sin was thrown  
In sad confusion, laid in ruin dire,  
Redemption unto man, else lost, was told ;  
And though, for long, it was but dimly shewn,  
Yet many saw that Light far off, which came  
Not near, till Time was wearied well and old.  
When many a race from Earth had passed away,  
Of patriarchs and good men,—earth ruled by one  
Now other of her great who Tyrant seemed,  
Who by oppression manhood’s vigour crushed ;  
When all was war, and fierce internal feuds,—  
A sudden calm ! All nations strife had ceased !  
To fancy’s ear the stillness seemed to say  
That Earth was waiting for her destiny,—  
That some one great was near. ’Twas *then* He came,  
After four thousand years of hope deferred,  
Their came a Saviour for mankind,—a God

Of love,—in flesh made manifest to men.

“One dewy eve, when hushed all nature lay,  
The sun gone down, and twilight sunk to night ;  
Silent all busy scenes, and busy hum,  
For man to rest from labour had retired,  
Saving the shepherds, who their flocks watched lone,  
On Bethlehem’s pastured hills ; the starry scroll,  
Spread wide and far, to man pourtrayed the power  
And majesty of God invisible ;  
(And save themselves were none who made the air  
Their dwelling place, as there in quiet they lay,—  
Their couch the earth, their canopy the sky ;  
Save here and there a traveller, who roamed  
From home afar, or for his home far bound ;)   
The shepherds’ eyes to heaven were upward turned,  
And, as they gazed on nature’s open book,  
Beheld, ’mid stars by sages’ eyes oft scanned,  
A Comet bright, which not that night alone  
Had shone, but several suns had seen descend :  
And little thought they as they gazed, nor deemed,  
What that star meant ; nor that men nobly wise,  
Led by a wondrous power—Spirit Divine—  
Their eyes on that star fixed, from Persia’s land,

Then, weary, made their way to Judah's hills,  
Intent to see the true Light of the world  
And pay their homage lowly at His feet.  
But ere they had arrived, Messiah born  
Was hailed to earth by angel-songs of praise,  
Since men were silent : fallen, unhappy men !  
Knew not the things which to their peace belonged.

“ The Saviour of mankind that night from heaven  
Descended to a world of grief and sin,  
Unseen by mortals, with a kingly suite,  
Our flesh to take, by angel convoy borne.  
Their task accomplished, they to heaven returned ;  
But their celestial forms from mortal view  
No longer need they hide, but in full blaze  
Of glory burst upon the dazzled sight  
Of simple shepherds sore amazed ; and, lo,  
From 'midst the angel throng appeared their Chief,  
Leader in good, the angel Gabriel,  
Who thus to them astonished spake : ‘ Fear not,  
‘ To you and all the sons of men I tell,  
‘ In David's city, and of David's line—  
‘ From him descended—is a Saviour born,  
‘ To men a Christ, to angels God the Lord !

‘ And, as a token of my truth, Him seek—  
‘ Him find—not laid in regal state,  
‘ But in a manger lying,—a lowly couch,—  
‘ In swaddlings wrapped, and in a stable lodged.’  
He ceased ; and radiance o’er the vaulted sky  
Proclaimed that heaven’s gates were open set,  
While angels on that jubilee descend,  
And fill with light earth’s glorious canopy.  
Nor were their harps forgot, melodious tuned ;  
And all earth’s hollow echoes listening stood,  
As sounds celestial filled the midnight air ;  
And thus seraphic strains the silence broke :—  
‘The highest glory be to God ascribed,  
Peace be on earth, and towards men goodwill’—  
And more they sung ; but nothing more was known  
To men. The shepherds were so sore amazed,  
No longer tarried they, but left their flocks,  
To tell the tenor of that wondrous song,  
And find Messias, at His feet to bow.  
Him they desired to see at length they saw ;  
The Persian magi too the Saviour praised,  
And costly presents for thank-offerings brought.  
“ But not thus all mankind the Saviour hailed ;

Judea's Roman monarch cursed his birth,  
And how to slay the Prince of Peace he sought :  
But, warned by dream, His earthly parents fled  
To Egypt-land (a refuge more than once  
Unto God's chosen ones in olden time ;  
And, for this cause, the Lord to cast *her* off  
Was loth, His people Egypt to forget  
He wished not, even though her sins were great ;  
So, at the end of time, He her restored  
To all her splendour, and far more than all  
She had before, He gave her land His Light,—  
His holy Light,—whereby Messias' blood—  
Great cleansing power!—she knew, and straight received  
His Gospel in the fulness of her heart).  
Unto this refuge of the poor distressed  
The Saviour's parents fled ; but, soon recalled,  
After the Tyrant's death who sought the life  
Of God's own Son, they to their native land  
Gladly returned. But, 'mongst the people, few  
The Saviour's nature or true mission guessed,  
As He in wisdom and in stature grew.

“ Oh, who hath our report believed ! to whom  
Hath been revealed Jehovah's arm ! so sang



A prophet bard on earth in tone of woe ;  
And well might each, who then the scene beheld  
Of man's great Benefactor scourged and slain,  
(As I beheld), the prophet's words repeat !

“ My heart, even now, while heavenly bliss surrounds,  
And while *that* Saviour's presence gladness pours  
Into my soul, recoils, if e'er my thoughts  
To stray I suffer to that scene of shame  
To men ;—men, who four thousand years had longed  
A Saviour's form to see, and, at that time,  
Prospective, eagerly His advent sought ;  
And when, at length, He came, Him crucified !

“ His journey through that vale of tears—how lone !  
How meek and lowly ! and His lot how low !  
He, who from God's right hand of glory came,  
Disdained not to assume a servant's form ;  
Privations He endured, and hunger's pangs  
(Of which you nought can know) ; and all that He,  
Perfect through sufferings, might obedience learn.

“ His words were pure, His ways were pure, and pure  
Were all His thoughts ; men's wounds to heal,  
Their griefs to lessen, and their suff'rings soothe ;

Their mis'ries to assuage ; their souls to cure ;  
Their hearts to soften, was His constant care.  
Yea, for their good He mighty wonders shewed :  
The lame to walk, the blind to see, the dumb  
To speak were caused by His all-healing hand ;  
Maniacs to their right mind were straight restored,  
At His commanding word, who long had pined,  
By demon-spirits in subjection held ;—  
The fiends He drove from their ill-gotten homes !

“ His words though pure, though pure His ways, and pure  
Were all His thoughts ; and though His constant care  
Was men to succour—men to save from hell,—  
And in His father's house prepare them homes ;  
Their sinful hearts, all times to sin too prone,  
Them hurried on to acts of memory foul,  
Whereat the fiery visage of a fiend  
Would fierier glow in conscious shame ; but they  
Beyond all thought, alas ! were obdurate.

“ It was by one of us His chosen twelve  
He was betrayed. He who that action foul  
Performed (Judas by name) to his own doom  
Long since has gone, and sits in sin's high place—  
Satan's right hand,—bad eminence in crime.

“The Saviour then was led, for show of law,  
Before a judge uncircumcised ; for now  
Israel degraded felt the Roman yoke ;  
And little thought, by their foul deed then done,  
They Roman bonds around them closer drew,  
Which would, at length, their ruin prove. But, lo !  
The heathen rose in judgement, and condemned  
The enlightened Jews—he arts, persuasion, tried,  
To make them change their blasphemous decree,  
That Christ their king should die ; and when, at last,  
Of no avail all his appeals he found,  
He washed his hands before them, as a sign  
That in his Lord and theirs he saw no sin.

“Unchecked, unstruck, by sentence unreceived  
From him to whom they went, they hurried on  
Him whom in savage wrath they had condemned,  
And nailed Him to a cross.

“From morn He hung  
Till noon had passed, and when the silent eve  
Nature o’ershadowed as a mantle round,  
He hung there still ; still there He hung ; but now  
No longer to atone for sin ; His work was done,  
His sacred work. Before that eve came on,



He lifted up His voice, and cried aloud :  
'Tis finished ! and His mortal form to death,—  
Cold sovereign king,—awhile in trust was given.

“ But not in quiet salvation’s Captain died :  
Creation’s eye could not in silence see  
Her Lord by man insulted, and refrain  
From sad convulsions, and from earthquakes dire ;  
Afar the panic spread ; the temple’s bounds,  
Invaded, felt the shock : the sacred veil,  
Which parted man from God, and holy awe  
Inspired, since even the High Priest only once  
Each year could enter there,—enter alone—  
And bear the people’s sins upon his heart ;  
That sacred veil the Jews beheld—till then  
Impassable—from top to bottom rent !  
Thou sacred veil ! emblem sublime ! whereby  
Salvation’s mighty plan was darkly showed !  
In this thy rending, (could the Jews have read),  
Redemption was declared aloud complete !  
‘ Glory ! ’ that eve your angel choir then sung,—  
‘ Now man no more from God is kept afar,  
‘ As erst, when one alone the sacred veil  
“ Could penetrate ; that veil is torn away,

‘ Asunder rent,—type of the Saviour’s flesh.

‘ Sole Mediator, now, the Saviour stands

‘ Twixt God and men ; and each of human race,

‘ Through Him accepted, may to God draw nigh !’

“He hung there still, there still in silence hung ;

The Jews, incurious, all away had gone,

Since He was dead. Perhaps the conscience smote ;

And they, its voice to drown, far from the scene

Of anguish fled. But toward the cross there marched

Mortals who wore both countenances grim

And ruthless arms. They toward the Saviour rushed,

His mortal form to mar with savage hands :

Before His cross they paused ; then, with a spring,

Sudden—as when a tiger on his prey

Bounds with delight,—so, savagely they tore

The Saviour’s side with their unhallow’d spears,

And blood with water mingled thereout flowed ;

The sacrilege complete,—they turned away.

And as they turned, another form drew near :

With rev’rence came a good man and a just,—

His Saviour viewed ; and tears his manly cheek

Ran down,—he turned away ; and, hastening, sped

Unto the heathen judge, and, begging, sought

His Saviour's cold remains, that burial rites  
Might be bestowed ; and, granted his request,  
He sped to lay his Lord within his tomb,—  
Tomb undefil'd, where corpse had never lain ;  
A massive stone to close its mouth was rolled.

“ By men insulted, then the Bounteous Lord  
Had left them now, so seemed, as to forsake !  
But no ; His human soul awhile was gone,  
But glorious would resume His clay. Meanwhile,  
Within these heavens, the Highest thundering called,  
And bade His angels Immortality and Life  
Attend ; (the same who, in fair Eden once,  
Were our first parents' guard, and therefore twins ;  
Who, from the earth then banish'd at the fall,  
Gladly revisited the favour'd realm ;—  
An earnest to men's sons that now, once more,  
These guardians were them nigh) ; within the tomb,  
Over the cold remains presiding well,  
These angels bade corruption's savage form  
Avaunt, nor dare to touch with crumbling hand  
These cold remains, which, unto death resigned,  
Were to be raised in state on the third day.

“ And, now, night veiled the earth with sombre shade,

As wont, as though no Saviour had been slain.  
Jerusalem was silent,—silent all ;  
And only here and there a wanderer stole  
Along the street with hurried, silent pace ;  
And whither stole ? An upper chamber there  
With men devout was filled ; and thither stole,  
Eager, some stray disciple, there to meet  
His fellow sufferers, but the Saviour's friends.  
Within the chamber now they entered soft,—  
The door was shut, and they in silence sat  
Awhile, and on each other looked, with fear  
And awe upon their faces well pourtrayed.

“ In silence sat we struck with terror dumb,  
What we beheld that day now through our minds  
Was passing swift, and various thoughts aroused ;  
And many were the fears our hearts oppressed.  
Our carnal minds, on carnal things too prone,  
Looked for an earthly reign and victory ;  
Our hopes thus blasted in a Saviour dead,—  
When in despair we would have sunk,—the light  
Of grace upon us faintly dawned ; and now  
Our Lord's own words into our hearts came home  
With power, when His absence gave us pain :

He, when on earth, to us had said : 'I go,  
That, in my Father's house, I may prepare  
You mansions glorious,—I go ! I go !—  
But to return ;' concerning which return,  
We to our minds recalled consoling words,  
For 'in three days' He would arise ! But some  
In doubt still pined : they trusted it was he  
That Israel should have redeemed,—they hoped ;  
But fear with hope in painful combat joined.

" Thus eager we the third day's morning sought,  
When to the sepulchre some of us hied,  
And found our Lord from earth's cold bonds had burst.  
An angel on the stone there sat. He came,—  
He rolled the stone away, and then sat down,  
That he might view that glorious spectacle,—  
The Resurrection of Creation's Lord !

" As not in quiet Salvation's Captain *died*,  
In silence should He *rise* ? No ; Nature could  
Her joy not well restrain, since her Great Lord,  
After He left the world awhile, as seemed,  
Now raised His head, triumphant o'er His foes,  
To ascend and sit in majesty on high.



“Need we have wondered, had the elements  
Warred with each other,—with each other striven ?  
Had seas and rivers from their channels flowed,  
In haste which first should pay the homage due.  
To Him for His new victory achieved,—  
The glorious victory o’er death and sin ?—  
Had rocks and mountains over vallies rolled,  
And nature, on one vast confusion bent,  
In joy mankind had crushed in judgement-doom ?  
But He restrained their rapturous joy to bounds,  
His mighty hand the fabric held in grasp ;  
Still He permitted such as at His death  
Had made the people tremble, quail, and fear :  
The rocks were rent, and caverns’ ample sides,  
Bursting, fell in ; the city dwellings shook,  
And, tottering her towers, as to fall,  
Well warned vain man, if not to anger slow,  
That God, incensed, his breath might take away.

“In Judah’s cemeteries, filled with dead,  
A motion was beheld, and yawning graves,  
And saints, in white robes clothed, them standing by,  
Proclaimed that the Messias, who came down  
To earth with angel-escort at His birth,

Not unattended would to heaven return.  
They to Jerusalem's crowded streets repaired,  
And many saw them, and their witness bore,  
That they beheld those who to native dust  
Long since had gone ; as Simeon, and *one*,  
Who with him lived in hope,—a prophetess.

“The Saviour to His glad disciples went.  
And, ere He left the earth, to them appeared,  
Oft on that day on which He first arose,—  
The Sabbath then first of the Christians styled,  
And consecrated as the day of rest.

“His work on earth now done, He us led on  
Unto a mount, and there, within our view,  
Ascended to the glory whence He came.

“At that same time, from various shaded groves  
And well-sequestered spots, the many saints  
Who with Him had from their last sleep arisen,  
With Him ascending, sought their heavenly home.  
To heaven He led them, you remember well—  
(That glory you then saw ; not as the rest  
Of what I tell, which only by report

You reached) ; but you can still remember well  
How He them placed before the throne, and cried :  
‘ Behold the first fruits of the ransomed dead !’  
High-sounding praise your echoing vaults then rung—  
The songs of saints and angels jubilant.

“ And now the world, in calm, with face serene,  
To heaven looked upward, where her Lord enthroned  
Then sat, as, still enthroned, He sits secure ;  
Whom, though her ill-advised inhabitants  
Had mocked, and slain, and from her face Him driven,  
She still acknowledged, and Him sovereign owned.  
But Palestina’s dwellers, hushed again  
To peace—the peace of wicked men—as wont  
Their labours plied ; nor deigned a single thought .  
To Him so late who their diseases healed,  
And who, them sinning, from their sin would fain  
Have turned aside into the narrow way.

“ But ONE there was whom misgivings and fears  
Oppressed, and whom his conscience voice annoyed :  
The Heathen judge’s heart him smote, because  
He had not striven with high authority



To overcome the rebel Jews, and snatch  
From bloody hands his and their Saviour King.  
'Twas true he by persuasion tried to move  
The feelings of them morbid grown ; and, that  
Mayhap a pang of pity might be drawn  
From them, and make them alter their decree,  
That *He* should die, he even allowed a crown  
Of platted thorns to wreath that noble brow ;  
Now that he knew Him more than man, what then  
He scarce supposed, to whom these things were done,  
Himself he cursed in wild despair : that he,  
Instead of acts of foul indignity,  
Had not then kneeled, and given honour due  
To Him who was the Jews'—and Romans' too—  
Who was the mighty Universe's God !

“ Thus was his mind oppressed with wild despair,  
Till he at last in frantic anguish cried :  
' Fierce is thy wrath, Almighty ! when in storms  
' Thou visit'st earth, and mak'st her trembling feel :  
' Fierce are thy ways in water, earth, or air,  
' But fiercer far when by the waking voice  
' Of slumbering, inborn conscience thou assert'st  
' Thy throne indubitable over man.

‘ Let rocks and mountains fall ; let thunders roar ;  
‘ Let skies their lightnings flash in dire array ;  
‘ Let seas and rivers from their channels roll ;  
‘ Let tempest-winds burst from the hollow caves,  
‘ Wherein from ancient time they have been bound ;—  
‘ Shake Earth, and still their fury I could bear,  
‘ But not these tortures of my maddened mind !’  
His halls he strode in wild and maniac haste,  
’Twas plain that in his mind great thoughts revolved.  
He thought upon *Him* slain—the foulest deed  
E’er done in Palestina’s hallowed land  
Since it a land was planted by Great God,  
When He His Vine up out of Egypt brought.  
Lo ! suddenly a blissful smile his face  
O’erspread, which told of joy not yet grown old,  
But just discovered, and the sweeter so,  
That it had risen where great sorrow reigned.  
And his great thoughts remained not long concealed.  
He paused in haste ; up to his altar strode ;  
Then God, in grace, his heathen heart brought home—  
The light that moment on him faintly dawned :  
The Saviour came into the world to save  
Mankind ; and now His work was well achieved—  
He from his palace flang his household gods !

“ Long after, when from Palestine recalled,  
 Before the Emperor he witness bore.\*  
 He lived a Christian ; and by perfect walk,  
 So far as man, then burdened and depraved,  
 Might perfect tend, a lovely ensample showed  
 To wond’ring eyes ; he died ; and here, with songs  
 And gratulations loud, was welcomed in !

“ Thus have I wandered, that I might relate  
 Some of the events of that man’s life, and show  
 Some of the glories of that heathen name,—  
 That upright Judge, who, single in a crowd,  
 One against many, strove his Saviour  
 To shield. But to my theme of mem’ry foul,—  
 A Saviour slain,—and yet of mem’ry sweet,—  
 A Saviour *slain and risen and glorified*,  
 I now return, and willing I return :  
 Though now in heaven, with delight I rove  
 Back to that proof of God’s great majesty,  
 And power, and wisdom : Mercy Justice crowned,  
 And Love o’er all presiding sat serene !

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\* “ Die tertia, concussa repente terra, et mole revoluta quae obstruxerat sepulchrum, et custodia pavore disjecta, nullis apparentibus discipulis, nihil in sepulchro repertum est, praeterquam exuviae sepulti—ea omnia super Christo Pilatus, et ipse jam pro sua conscientia Christianus, Caesari tunc Tiberio nunciavit.”—Tertull. Apolog. Cap. 21. p. 209—10 Ed. Haverchamp.

“ Far from the world and busy scenes retired,  
Still musing on Redemption’s wondrous plan,  
His followers sat within an upper room ;  
All waiting there, until the Comforter,  
The promised Holy Spirit, should descend,  
And in their hearts a quickening fire awake ;  
And teach them much beyond their human ken ;  
And much to their remembrance vivid bring  
Which when on earth the Saviour revealed,  
But which to them all dark then lay ; and, hark !  
The house was filled with rushing, mighty noise ;  
(As when some stormy wind, in fury wild,  
Swept through some tenantless, deserted halls,  
And hurried, rustling, through the ruined aisles) :  
’Twas then the Spirit came significant !

“ He who in light all unapproachable  
Had dwelt alone, and now who dwells, and still  
Shall dwell the same throughout Eternity ;—  
Third person of the Triune God,—by man  
Was seen as cloven tongue of fire, and sat  
On each of us His chosen apostles twelve ;  
(For we had chosen one in Judas’ room).  
Great gifts were then poured down ; they divers tongues

Straight knew and spake,—themselves with wonder  
And of the miracle soon spread the fame. [filled ;

“ It was a day high in the calendar  
Of Judah : ’twas the Pentecostal feast ;  
And to attend that festival repaired  
The Jews from every part of Palestine ;  
And many from the Jews who well had learned,—  
From all the nations round them—thither flocked  
To hail the Festival : from Araby,  
From Parthia, Media, Pontus, Egypt, Rome,  
Pamphylia, Cappadocia, Asia, Crete,  
From Phrygia, and from Elam, and the land,  
Well-watered, which among the rivers lies,  
Mesopotamia called,—all these fair lands  
Pour’d forth their bands of strangers, who there learned  
To love their God, their Saviour to love ;  
And bore His name to their benighted realms.  
For ’mongst these spread the marvellous report ;  
They to the place repaired, and forth then came  
The Apostles ; and the nations, wondering, heard,  
Each in his mother-tongue, the Gospel news !  
Forth then the ardent Peter stood ; his voice  
He raised to speak ; he mute attention won ;



Then to the assembled nations gathered there  
Was Christ a Saviour to mankind proclaimed :  
He in the Hebrew tongue proclaimed him bold ;  
The rest of the apostles, well dispersed,—  
One to the Arabians, to the Parthians one,  
To those from Media, Pontus, Egypt, Rome,  
Pamphylia, Cappadocia, Asia, Crete,  
Phrygia, Elam, and the goodly land,  
Well-water'd, which amongst the rivers lies,—  
Mesopotamia called,—to these each, one  
Proclaimed the glorious truth, interpreting  
What Peter, then the Prime Apostle, spoke.

“ No whispered murmur struck the list'ning air,  
For eloquence then held the nations mute,  
Wrapt in the truth he spoke they eager stood ;  
The Holy Spirit then their hearts made soft,  
And mighty was the harvest, great the grace,  
And great the miracle was then achieved,  
Which by one sermon taught three thousand souls !  
Up rose the priests and rulers, much incensed,  
And strove at once to crush the heresy,  
(It such they deem'd) ; they deaths and fetters tried ;  
But naught could daunt those brave apostles few ;

They knew the Lord was on their side, and who  
Could them oppose ! But still the oppressor's arm  
Awhile did triumph, though it could not crush :  
They scattered wide His feeble followers ;  
Who, after years of suffering, endured  
All for His sake whose name they loved to bear,  
At length prevailed : up sprang the seeds they sowed ;  
The fruits appeared ; their labours reapt reward !

# JESUS HOMINUM SALVATOR;

OR,

THE CHURCH DELIVERED.

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## PART II.

“Peace reigned awhile, and beamed her beauteous star  
Mild rays benignant, shedding heavenly light,  
Whereat dark-loving Discord hid his head,  
She then ascendant o’er a ransomed world.  
Then was there joy on earth : the church’s bounds  
Extended far ; no prowess could withstand  
Her heaven-prospered. But fair Peace not long  
Thus o’er her shed her mild, protecting rays :  
Foes fierce and strong, against her threatening, rose,  
Who loved her not, because they loved not Him  
Who o’er her held dominion—whom she owned  
As Master and Redeemer. Fearfully  
They strove to gain the victory, and crush



Her to the earth ; and, often, for a time,  
Did wickedness hold triumph over right ;  
And Satan o'er the world sole regiment hold ;  
As if the Almighty did His Church forsake.  
Then came dark days of woe, sad to be told ;  
When, prostrate and undone, she lay as dead.  
Then wept the angels hovering o'er her fallen !

“ Nor always were her foes the rebel crew  
Who laws of God and man to disregard  
Had impiously dared : within her own,  
Her hallowed boundary, in the Church's pale  
Were found whose acts the general concord marred :  
Of various minds, their various leaders rose,  
Essaying to establish rival thrones,  
Where none was king at all, save only He,  
Who, higher than all thrones, had deigned to say,  
' Lo, alway I am with you to the end ;'  
And, in devotion to their various kings,—  
In direly-fierce and deadly-raging wars,  
For domination and supremest power  
For Paul, Appollos, Cephas,—many more,—  
Forgot they all were one in Christ, their King,  
Sole Sovereign, who was also King of Peace.

“ Still, from without her danger greatest seemed ;  
For, 'gainst her threatening, two mighty foes  
Aimed with malignity her to destroy :  
Two murky chieftains of a dismal age,  
With each dark followers in full phalanx drawn.  
One as a banner reared a Cross despised,  
And trampled on beneath a cloven foot ;  
And one as standard bore the Crescent Moon.  
These her opposed ; the first in greater power.  
Once she had vanquished him ; he stood afar :  
But, not subdued, lurked, till recruited strength  
Should to the onset him again invite.

“ Short was the calm ; but, while it still endured,  
The oppressor's hand was on a land remote,  
Whose blind inhabitants him followed who  
The Crescent Moon bore standard of his faith.

“ There was a goodly land among the isles,  
Where dwelt the Christians most, Britannia called,  
Where Liberty had throned herself secure.  
She heard afar the notes of war, and marked  
The cry of fear that mingled in the fray,  
As the oppressed and weak had well nigh sunk ;

She forth her armies to the battle sent ;  
And, from afar, the fainting Infidels  
The succour saw, and shouted then aloud :  
'Twas Triumph's voice : the Christians' army neared,  
They fiercely closed, and, side by side, they fought—  
Apart in faith, but brothers of mankind.

“ The war was o'er ; the oppressor quelled ; and now  
The Christians' God was known to listening ears—  
That God whose armies had their foes subdued ;  
They willing heard of a Messiah slain  
On earth for men, and who, a second time,  
Should at the end of the world—once only more—  
Descend to judge, and lead his own to heaven.  
Thus they, delivered from the archers' noise,  
Where they were water wont to draw—there they,  
Well wondering, did His mighty acts rehearse !

“ Short was the calm ; one foe, by grace subdued,  
A willing ally rose truth to uphold ;  
But he whose banner was a cross despised  
And mocked, uprose in hatred fierce,  
Firmly advanced, and fiercely strove to crush,  
At one tremendous blow, the faithful band ;

Now large it seemed, and widely spread its bounds.

“ Loud blew the trumpet ; echo told afar  
The unwelcome sound that spake of danger near,  
And summoned all who held the sacred gem—  
Eternal truth—in high esteem, to form  
In long embattled ranks : for war was near.  
Their enemies neared ; and back they sprang appalled:  
An awful host of fiends in human form,  
As far as view could reach, against them marched.

“ Their numbers lessened too ; for many, who  
In time of peace were numbered in their band,  
Now, fearful of the great catastrophe,  
Timid, shrank back in this bold enterprise ;  
Yea, as the foe advanced, some hastening joined  
Unto the enemies’ ranks. The firm and true  
In numbers now were small, and feeble seemed ;  
Still, had they been united in their force,  
The day was theirs : but various leaders strove  
Each for pre-eminence to lead the band.  
And while they thus delayed, the enemy neared :  
They lifted up their eyes,—with fear beheld :  
The ranks were close ; the arms were wielded fierce ;

The Battle joined—ah ! terrible the hour !

“ Upon a hill, and from the battle field  
Not far removed, appeared a shadowy form,  
Dim, phantom-like,—an angel of the air ;  
Sad was the eye ; the voice in murmurs rolled,  
Like echoed music, softening on the air,  
And harmony diffused in plaintive sounds :  
She was an angel, Melancholy called,  
Created as a solace to man’s mind ;  
And who first taught our mother Eve to mourn,  
When she from innocence so sadly fell.  
This angel, prime Dispenser to mankind  
Of various providences fitly borne,  
Did o’er man in his fallen state preside,  
And tempered heavenly gifts to his weak powers :  
His frailty by the fall the Highest saw,  
And knew that joy that frailty could not bear,  
Like heavenly-pure as when before he fell ;  
And that great grief would, to his mind adverse  
And unprepared, call wicked thoughts—to end  
His life,—thus sinning, ever damned : she came :  
She clothed his joys in garments of her own ;  
She, stooping, helped him in his griefs and cares ;

And by her soothing power he was content  
To pass through suffering to fairer realms.

“ This angel on the battle-field looked sad,  
Fluttered her pensive wing, and upward soared ;  
And hovering over them, the contest viewed.  
The faithful ranks, now few, were seen to yield,  
And, scattered, slain, and wounded, were dispersed ;  
And, 'midst the host, which like to locusts spread  
On every side, their scanty numbers soon  
Were scarce beheld. Now sad the scene she saw :  
Their enemies revelled, and in madness raved,  
'Gainst the Most High essaying to blaspheme,  
And of His saints, now slain to them as seemed,  
To speak all evil. This sad spectacle  
The pensive angel saw ; and, hovering near,  
Doled to the sighing winds her sad complaint :  
' How art *thou* fallen, mighty once in power !  
' Thou chosen Israel, whose life redeemed  
' Hath been the precious object of His care  
' Who holds the universe in spacious hand,  
' And guards and governs all its motions well !  
' Is now thy day in night's dark shade eclipsed ?  
Has shadow all that light so soon bedimmed,



‘ Which o’er this orb a grateful lustre shed ?  
‘ Where are the mighty ones who valiant strove,  
‘ Where all the faithful soldiers of the True ?  
‘ Upon the field I see them stretched in gore ;  
‘ And none o’er them neglected cares to weep.  
‘ O tears ! to my sad eyes your tribute give,  
‘ And I will weep o’er ruin.

“ Thus she mourned ;  
And o’er the hideous scene in sadness gazed ;  
Dim were her eyes with tears, and, through that cloud  
Which round the pensive angel always hung,  
Saw not what would her heart have soon made glad :  
She mourned a people fallen, who, though crushed,  
Wounded, not slain, again would soon resume  
Their former vigour, and a fiercer scene  
Than what she now beheld would soon be viewed.

“ But hark ! another angel cried ; and far  
His voice o’er Nature’s wide expanse was borne :  
‘ Thou, who in majesty dost wicked sit,  
‘ Now holding empire o’er a fallen world,  
‘ Hear from that Volume of old oracles,  
‘ Which thou hast long despised ; hear, thou supreme,

‘ Who sit’st in government, and ye who serve,  
‘ Vile slaves to a vile master fitly yoked ;  
‘ Ye dark inhabitors of earth in woe !  
‘ Who serve a sovereign doomed, to you I call :  
‘ Be warned of evil, lest ye with him fall.  
‘ Thou shalt in wrath from thy dominion go,  
‘ From earth cast out, into a mansion kept—  
‘ Ordained of old—for thee the king of ill ;  
‘ Where torn by anguish, such as none can know,  
‘ Of mortals, thou, in painful torment galled,  
‘ Shalt of thy hapless course repent in vain.  
‘ Short is thy reign ; thy triumph like the star,  
‘ Which falling meteoric, earthward glides,  
‘ Is past, and leaves no single trace behind.  
‘ Now riotous in splendour and in power,  
‘ Thy city soon shall all lie desolate :  
‘ In silence shall its streets deserted lie ;  
‘ The voice of harp, or trump, or joyous sound,  
‘ Shall soon be heard no more at all in thee ;  
‘ Darkness shall show on all thy might and power :  
‘ Whatever things are beauteous or well seemed,  
‘ As joy, or truth, or that which joy doth love,  
‘ Shall in thy land be heard no more at all.  
‘ Ye Prophets, whom she slew in evil day !



‘ Ye Holy Apostles, martyr’d by her hand !

‘ Rejoice and shout : for she *the great* is fallen !’

“ He ceased ; and melancholy starting smiled ;  
Askance she flew ; and, looking o’er the scene—  
Gazing as one waked from a beauteous dream,  
Pensive resumed her mountain of complaint.

“ Meanwhile the little band—the faithful few—  
From out the mighty city’s revelling came,  
And, gathering together, then unite :  
In danger now the jealous monarchs once  
Of various factions—all of one belief—  
Conjoined to o’erthrow the mighty fabric, reared  
In so short space, the feat as magic seemed.  
The band was small (small only as compared  
With the great host of unbelievers near,  
And yet a goodly number still), but all  
Arrayed for war were they, and firmly fierce  
As swords new whetted ; countenances stern,  
Determination in them well pourtrayed—  
*To die or conquer* : for the enemy’s strength  
Might well have quailed the stoutest heart ; but they  
Felt that the truth, now strong in unity,

Was power, and that, tho' vanquished once,  
Now well united under one GREAT HEAD,  
All aiming to destroy their common foe  
Their strength was stronger, victory secure.

“ Quietly they mustered, stealthily withdrew  
Unto a plain from out the city doomed ;  
And forming closely in embattled lines,  
They blew defiance on a trump, and far  
The powerful note into the city shook.  
Then, in affliction, to the afflicted's God  
They supplicating turned ; and towards His throne—  
His dwelling place, in city not with hands  
Designed, their cry they earnest send :  
‘ O ! Thou who dost all space inhabit filled  
‘ With thine all-searching presence, on thy throne  
‘ Still keeping the inmost glory from our view,  
‘ With glory covering all thy works below,  
‘ And in thy glory clouding those above,  
‘ So that the inner glory none behold,  
‘ Their eyesight being weak for such a sight !  
‘ Thou who thy church art wont to guard and keep,  
‘ And watchingly to smooth her thorny way !  
‘ Look down on us thy chosen now forlorn !

‘ Thy power and majesty we know of old :  
‘ As when in dread and thundering voice thou spak’st,  
‘ On earth’s inhabitants in anger turned ;  
‘ When filled thy fury’s measure, and the cup  
‘ Of thy fierce indignation overflowed :  
‘ When thou on southern breeze or north wind’s blast  
‘ Sent’st pestilence ; or, men’s dire passions roused,  
‘ Sent’st war ; or when, refusing rain and heat,  
‘ Thou famine sent’st, breaking the staff of bread,  
‘ And causing man to hunger, groan, and die.  
‘ Thy loving-kindness, in thine anger still,  
‘ Forget not, Lord!—it oft before hath shone :  
‘ And when thy Zion cries, oh, do Thou hear !  
‘ Her answer ; and her plagues sweep all away !  
‘ No desolation then shall seem : she sees  
‘ The ills permitted all were for her good ;  
‘ She watched and guarded by thy mighty hand,—  
‘ That wonder-working, that mysterious power,  
‘ Power mysterious, by wicked men  
‘ Ofttimes called chance, by Christians, Providence.  
‘ Save us, O Lord ! thy chosen, save us ! save !  
‘ That we thy name throughout an endless age  
‘ May well extol, and all thy wonders tell.  
‘ Our foes cast down with thine almighty arm !

‘ Shine forth thy presence ! and their shrinking heads  
‘ Shall seek the rocks and mountains them to hide  
‘ From Thee in wrath, incensed by wickedness.’

“ So pray’d they, toward His dwelling place, whose ear  
Was ever open to the afflicted’s cry :  
He from that dwelling place them willing heard ;  
Their every want, ere yet ’twas framed in thought,  
Prospective echo bore into His ear ;  
For He was waiting to be gracious still,  
And with deliverance soon to earth would tend.  
Now in their minds hope’s blest assurance grew.

“ The pensive angel, hovering near, beheld  
The signs of war renewed, and sadly wailed :  
‘ Where is that angel choir who joyful sung,  
‘ When first a Saviour born to men was told !  
‘ Who o’er earth’s darkened plains, by sin defiled,  
‘ A radiance threw ? They sang of peace on earth,  
‘ And towards men goodwill ; the joyous strain  
‘ To earthly ears on willing breeze was borne.  
‘ Long, long has war, with desolating hand,  
‘ Ravaged the world, and with foul carnage filled  
‘ Her fields ! When shall that heavenly peace,

‘ Long promised, upon earth her influence shed !  
‘ Is, then, the Lord’s arm shortened, and to save  
‘ Has He no longer power ; or, with her sins  
‘ Well wearied has He His own chosen cast off !  
‘ Angelic Peace ! come o’er the wasted scene,  
‘ Reviving beauty breathe ; and let thy rays,  
‘ By softening influence, cause men’s minds to melt ;  
‘ And from their fiercer works for ever cease !  
‘ Upon the fallen world new beauties deck,  
‘ And on the air a stillness breathe, to calm  
‘ Men’s warring passions.’

“ Thus she : hovering  
Over the field where soon new strife would close,  
And war, her fury wasted, ever cease.

“ Meanwhile the city, revelling in their sin,  
And in all lewdness riotously gay,  
The trumpet heard, which from the camp afar  
Without the city blew defying blast :  
They wrathful rose, and, hurrying, seized their arms,  
Prepared to quell the saints as they before.  
But, whilst they to the gates rushed madly on,  
To war with the Most High and with His saints,—



As opened wide the gates, the city shook ;  
The sky lowered dark, and lurid flashes flew  
From east to west, and o'er the darkened air  
A hideous lustre threw ; the walls and towers—  
The battlements—all manned for its defence,  
Tottering struck terror in their guilty minds.  
*Then* the Most High his power took to reign ;  
And, ere He earthward shewed His presence dire,  
And put His enemies beneath His feet,  
His thundering messengers He sent before  
To awe mankind : His thunder rolled above,  
And 'neath earth's firm and solid base it rolled,  
And louder far than all His thunder wont,  
When to the earth His voice did loudly call.  
Earth to her bosom, too, began to quake,  
And, yawning here and there, some swallowed soon.

“ Then burst from out the city such a yell  
Of anguish and unutterable despair,  
It rang throughout the vaults of space afar,  
And to the place where spirits lost repine  
Some say it echoed, and threw back their gates,  
As to make room for those who soon would fill  
The infernal cave already peopled well.



“ But ’midst the hideous war of elements,  
Which with each other strove and with the voice  
Of anguish loud and shrieking wild despair,  
The chosen on a hill stood, firmly based,  
And saw the wonders of deliverance,  
Which now without their hand were being wrought ;  
And while they saw, with great, admiring joy,  
Their enemies vanquished and their city falling,  
There blew along the sky a trumpet long,  
Which thundering sound the astonished hills repeat,  
And, lo ! a radiance o’er the heaven was spread,  
Whereat the sun his splendour hid, and beamed  
Dimly, as through a cloud of heavenly smoke :  
The light increased ; and such its brightness shone,  
That all the enemies on their faces fell,  
And rocks and mountains sought on them to fall.  
And to the hill sped many hastening feet,  
With white robes were they clad, and glory crowned ;  
From the four winds they came—earth’s utmost bounds—  
Their numbers large : all who, in certain hope  
Of glorious resurrection firmly fixed,  
Had died, since Abel *first* resigned his clay :  
Whether in nature’s course, by death struck down,  
And buried as was wont ; or in battle slain ;

By sad mishap, in darksome waters drowned ;  
Or whether by the fire consumed (so some  
For Truth's sake died) ; their ashes, carefully kept,  
Were now restored ; and, burnished and refined,—  
Distinct, each feature, as, in youthful prime,  
Before on earth they walked ; but glorious such  
As earthly eyes had dazzled to behold.  
The hill they covered, and the plain beneath—  
All round about was filled with the new risen.  
The assembled church, on earth long militant,  
Triumphant now, prepared to meet her king.

“ High on a cloud of amber radiant sat  
The King of Kings, in glory unbedimmed ;  
And near Him and before Him—all around—  
A host of angels in their glory clad.  
To earth these hasted : He in glory sat,  
And viewed the world in awe.  
Within the city they the rebels bound,  
And, hurrying, cast them into that vast pit,  
Low, dark, and drear, the scene of endless woes,  
Dark land of groans, whose fiery vault is said  
With groans to echo, and to ring with yells,—  
Tomb of Despair, no ray of hope within ;

Ordained of old for *him* the King of Ill ;  
And there his slaves in lewdness with him lie,  
And in tortures unappeased repent in vain ;  
And in their bosoms does a serpent sting,  
Which never dies ; and there a fire is lit,  
Which smolders, still consuming, unconsumed !

“ And now the cloud of glory, where enthroned  
The gracious Captain of Salvation sat,  
Earthward was gently borne ; and, as His car  
Them wondering neared who on the hill stood rapt,  
Foremost appeared a bright celestial choir  
(The same which sang at Bethlehem long ago),  
And the whole angel host their voices joined,  
And ’mongst them joined the angel pensive once,  
Now joyous : (for no longer grief was known,  
Tears being all now wipt away ;) her eye  
No more was sad ; no cloud her vision dimmed ;  
And thus they in melodious accents sang :  
‘ Ye men ! give glory unto Him whose arm  
‘ Your enemies hath now for ever quelled.  
‘ Rejoice ! for war no more shall e’er be known :  
‘ You peace shall be for endless ages now—  
‘ That peace which was on earth sung long ago,

‘ And which in your own hearts has frequent dwelt,  
‘ When all was war, and none save you had rest—  
‘ Calm peace of mind. But now, not only hid,  
‘ Or darkly and in transient glimpses seen,  
‘ The jewel fair your brows shall always deck ;  
‘ Your hearts shall ever feel its influences sweet !’

“ They ceased ; and ceased the cloud its calm descent ;  
Touched not the earth, but, in the middle air  
Gracefully pendant ; to its ethereal ground  
The saints were soon removed, by angels borne ;  
Then slowly rising, by the Zephyrs fanned,  
In state majestic it pendant hung.”

Here ceased the apostle : for the church restored,  
Her enemies vanquished, and she triumphing  
Had now been told ; nor farther needed they  
Him to relate : themselves the rest beheld :  
For Earth’s large firmament—her atmosphere—  
Back like a scroll was rolled, and heavenly air,  
Transparent, crystalline, was now diffused  
O’er the fair world renewed and purified ;—  
New heavens and earth wherein the just should dwell ;  
There, with the Saviour’s presence blest, they dwelt,

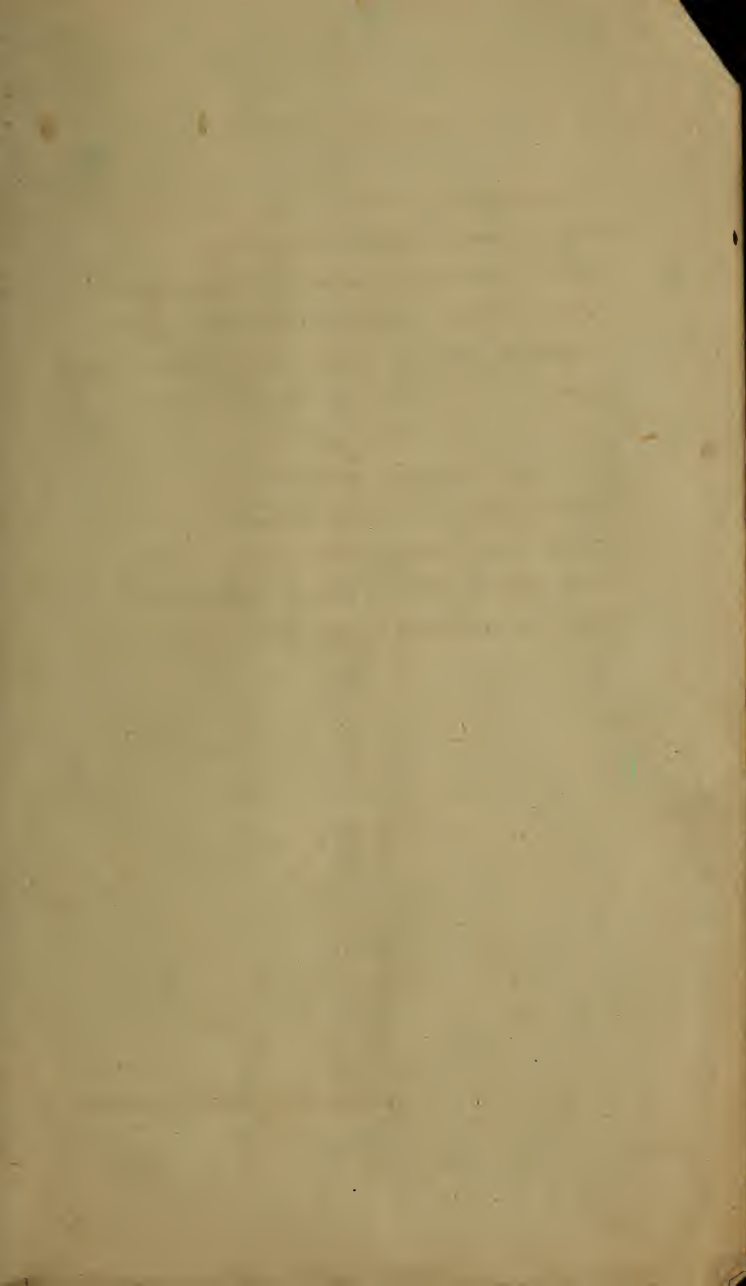
As they count time in heaven, a thousand years.  
Then was the awful trumpet once more blown,  
And all souls wicked summoned to their doom.  
Then were vile bodies quick resumed ; their dust,  
When earth was purified from all things foul,  
Ejected, fell into the barren void  
Below the world,—a semi-chaos dark—  
A warring waste ; there were their atoms blown  
Disconsolate, and of disordered winds  
The sport ; thence, by the trumpet called,  
To earth they unwilling came ; and with them too,  
The Apostate Spirit, and his wicked mates ;  
Judged long ago in Eden's hapless spot,  
But late reserved a thousand years in chains  
For final condemnation until now.  
In second Eden, thus, from sin made pure,  
In presence of the saints by grace restored  
Were these condemned : the wicked of the earth,  
In trembling silence, next received their doom.  
These all then hurrying were driven far,  
Far from the Judge's presence far away,  
Beyond hope's confines, to the barren coast—  
The dreary fiery shore, where they sin on  
In endless pains throughout eternity.



The judgement past, the cloud once more well thronged  
Was by celestial breezes upward borne ;  
And as it heavenward came, were voices raised,  
Which like the sound of many waters rolled :  
“ Salvation, honour, wisdom, strength, and power,  
Glory and blessing, be to Him ascribed,  
Who on the throne, in majesty untold,  
Presides for aye ; and to the Visible King,  
Whom angels worship, and whom men adore,  
In power and glory equally revered !  
Who, with the Eternal Spirit, triple reign—  
Perpetual Sovereign of the Universe ! ”

F I N I S .





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